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**SOME POLITICAL UNCERTAINTIES.**

A practical politician in Minnesota is quoted as saying that the Republican sentiment of his State is at present decidedly for BLAINE, but that "circumstances," which he afterwards defines as the influence of Federal officeholders, may swing the delegation into line for HARRISON. At the same time Washington dispatches assert that the friends of the Administration are not as confident as they were, and that they are by no means inclined to speak flippantly of the new third party. Visions of Uncle JERRY RUSK as a Presidential quantity are said, meanwhile, to be assuming a more distinct form.

Altogether, now that the swing around the circle has been completed and the platform hurrahs have ceased to echo, there seems to have been gathered on the trip nothing but new uncertainties. The intimated possibility that President HARRISON might find on his tour how popular Mr. BLAINE is, developed into a real truth. The man from Maine, the Republican hearts where the man in the White House has only polite consideration. It is this which causes the uneasiness at Washington, and which lends strength to the apprehensions regarding new issues that will be, new candidates that may be and a new party that is.

**WHAT OF THE TUNNEL?**

Time has flown very swiftly since the passage of the bill providing for the lighting and ventilation of the Fourth Avenue Railway Tunnel. If its light has been marked by any practical step towards the fulfillment of that law's purpose, the progress has not been reported. Yet the matter is one of great public importance and the questions involved are of such a nature that an early application towards their solution is demanded.

Upon the Railroad Commissioners rests the responsibility for carrying out the law. It is such a burden of duty as they should be pleased to discharge with the utmost possible promptness; and it is due to the interested public that the steps to that end should be taken in the sight of the people.

There is no spectacle which tones up the feelings more than an old age full of vigor and vivacity. Nobody would object to being ninety-four if he could feel and act and look like twenty-one. A beautiful example of long-life and conservation of force is presented in an old woman of eighty years, who was detected in somebody's house helping herself to alien goods. The head of the family, his wife, three daughters and a buxom Irish girl mounted guard over the old pilferer while a small boy scurried for the police. When the "copper" arrived the guard of six were in a dreadfully disabled condition, all rumped and scratched and torn, while the servant had cleaned out the whole party. She was not honest, nor was she venerable, but as an old defender few can compare with her.

The electric button is being applied all around. A man in Maine, that State where the charm of drinking liquor is enhanced by its being forbidden, has a grocery with an expert in the window who presses an electric button to discriminate between the "shady" and "straight" customers. There is always a pleasure in seeing the field of employment enlarged. A Connecticut man has a button connection with his chicken-house as well as a burglar alarm. If a chicken thief invades the home of the fowl the owner is awakened. He presses the button and the chickens get a charge which sets them screeching. The thief usually does not wait to investigate. Electricity is a great and beautiful thing.

There is no reason why a burglar may not have some fine feeling in him, although burglary is not of itself likely to bring out the best in a man. A fellow who was caught breaking into a house has written a letter to his wife full of contrition for having wedded her when he was so unworthy. He prays for her forgiveness and admits her lovely qualities with tearful earnestness. He gave a false name to screen her from the disgrace of his conviction. Perhaps if this burglar had possessed an income he might have been a good man as well as a loving husband.

The State election race has been again repeated in Rhode Island. The Legislature has once more solemnly declared the people unable to decide for themselves, though they had given a plain plurality for the men they evidently wanted, and has proceeded to elect State officers for them. It will be a bright day for little Rhode when Constitutional reform dawns upon her.

Life without a motive or duty is a burden. A private, honorably discharged, didn't know what to do with himself as a civilian. After a three weeks' debauch in his endeavor to kill time he killed himself, leaving the command: "Bury me where you please; nobody cares; I least of all." There is pathos in this. Utter loneliness is a strain on heart and mind.

There is a good big slice of truth in the declaration of T. G. BARNES, Vice-President of the Brooklyn Society for Parks and Play-

grounds for Children, that New York City is committing a crime against its children by neglecting them in its park arrangements. Give them their playgrounds.

HARRY TRACY, a Bay State prize-fighter, has been arrested for manslaughter, in causing the death of a fellow-pugilist. But the fight in which the fatal blow was struck was also against the law. Wouldn't a little earlier exhibition of official energy have spared us the tragedy?

An Atlanta dry-goods merchant tried to drive his competitors from the field. He sold goods at a large percentage less than they could be bought in New York City. Result: failure and liabilities running close on to a million. None of his brother merchants are very sorry.

To a man who buys pins by the paper there would not occur to his mind as good material to make sidewalks with. But a pin company which has barrels of imperfect pins has utilized them in this way, and the sidewalk is a great success. The utility of the pin is increased.

"All the world loves a lover." Gov. HOVEY, of Indiana, is no exception to this law. He has refused to surrender to her father a young girl who has committed no worse offense than that of marrying the man she loved. This doesn't seem like an unpardonable sin.

The latest green goods schemers described their stock as medicine in their confidential circulars. So many confiding countrymen have been duped that it would seem as if they would fight shy of such medicine.

City Treasurer RANDELL, of Philadelphia, proves to have been a plunger. He got into the cold bath of exposure and will soon be uncomfortably out of the swim.

St. Florian was the Great American of yesterday, and there was \$20,000 in it, aside from patriotic considerations, at the Gravesend track.

An umbrella trust is threatened. The price is one thing about an umbrella that shouldn't be put up.

As to our city parks: Let the children in and keep the L. roads out.

When our Giants got out of that eighth inning Anson wasn't in it.

Subscribe early and wisely to the Free Doctors Fund.

**SPOTLIGHTS.**

The only person who can always be accused for "making a scene" is the scenic artist.

A dramatic woman said that every curtain was "a drop" on her husband, who went out to "see a friend" every time he fell.

It can never be a matter of course, even if it is a matter of race-course, for people who go to see horse races to be shut up in the grounds.

When the dentist holds the patient it was not a dental operation. Not even an aural dental one.

The rule and the key have their proper spheres, and wherever the key can lay its egg.

Many a man may admit graciously that his wife is the dearest thing on earth to him.

Goodwood was in a country place where there was very little fashion but plenty of stile.

There is a prospect that Plenty Horses may get loose from the judicial tether that is holding him now.

A "four-in-hand" is worth two in the bush.

When a young wife was recommended by her husband to take a tonic she replied: "What's the matter with taking the tonic?" And they did.

**WORLDLYNESS.**

During a heavy rainstorm in Indiana a mud turtle as large as a man's hand fell from the clouds near Crawfordsville. For as he fell the reptile lay motionless as if stunned, then it began to crawl away, but was captured and kept as a curiosity.

The population of the world, according to the recent calculations of M. YERMAN, is estimated at 1,400,000,000.

One-fifth of the ten million families in France have no children. As many more have only one child, and of those who have as many as seven children the number is only 280,000.

Buddha is worshipped in China in various private temples, where the devotees meet regularly to pay homage to the "Light of Asia." Most of the Buddhists are Japanese, but among them are many Frenchmen and a few Englishmen.

Mrs. Moore at eighty is in excellent physical health, but her mind has lost its vigor. Her face is bright, but wrinkled, her appetite is good and she sleeps well.

**SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.**

He Is Waiting.  
There were two men occupying a whole bench in City Hall Park at noon yesterday. One of them had a paper which he was reading, while the other had been asleep for half an hour. He finally awoke, rubbed his eyes and stretched his arms, and asked of the other:  
"Any news?"  
"Nothing very exciting."  
"Do me a favor?"  
"Yes."  
"Turn to the wants—'Wanted—Male Help.'"  
"Yes."  
"Now see if there is an ad. reading: 'Wanted—Smart and intelligent man to accept partnership in a country bank, where he can put his experience in as his capital; sure to make \$5,000 the first year; must be honest, respectable and sober and quick at figures.'"  
"Nothing of the sort here," replied the other, after scanning the columns.  
"Then I'll wait for the later edition and take another nap. If my head falls back and my mouth opens, please check me under the chin to close it."

The Blue-Jay Liar.  
"Been up to see your Central Park, today," said the Blue-Jay liar from the glorious West, as he leaned on the registry of an uptown hotel, at midnight last night, and nodded to the clerk.  
"Beautiful place, isn't it?"  
"Yes, for a town like this; but it wouldn't be considered shucks out West. Say! I've got seventeen natural parks on my ranch, each one a hundred per cent. ahead of your cow-pasture up here, and I don't even mention the fact once a year?"  
"But the adornments, sir?"  
"Adornments!" Let me tell you something. Thirteen of us happened to drop into a saloon in Helena, Mon., together, and one of the crowd happened to remark that we ought to have a public park to help out the looks of the town. Inside of ten minutes we had donated 400 acres of land and raised enough money to bring over two of the pyramids of Egypt and buy fifty elephants as a starter for a zoo!"  
"You don't say?"  
"Surprises you, don't it? Probably heard about the West two or three times in your life, but these Eastern papers are so infernally jealous that everything big is kept out. How many stories have you got to this hotel?"  
"Eight, sir."  
"No wonder I can't draw a long breath in here! Eight stories? My friend, come out to Boise City, Idaho. I don't own the town, but I do own four acres of land on which I built a third-class hotel last summer. It's only twenty-two stories high, and a good many of the boys turned up their noses at it. But it was the best I could do with the \$5,000,000 I happened to have lying around loose."  
"I had no idea the West could produce anything like that."  
"Of course not. Your idea was a bark shanty, with wolves snuffing at the crevices. Got many people here to-night?"  
"About 300."  
"I've got a despatch somewhere about my clothes from my head clerk. It's a sad mine, you see. He telegraphs me every day how business was the day before. Last night 3,180 guests registered at my little tavern, and each one had a room 14x22 in size. Any flies on that?"  
"I should say not! You must be rushing business!"  
"Oh, no. That was an off night with us, and he laid off twelve assistant cooks and thirty-eight waiters. It's when we have about 5,000 guests in the house that business booms. What's your rate here?"  
"Four dollars a day."  
"That's enough for New York. Our boys kick because I don't make it ten. I had been told that you have some fine theatres here."  
"Why, they are the finest in America!" protested the clerk.  
"Rats! You don't know what a theatre is! I had to take an acre of ground in Custer City on a mortgage, and the boys asked me to put up a theatre on it. Didn't have but four million dollars to spare just then, but it built a tidy little place. Seated 17,000 people on the opening night!"  
"You don't say?"  
"Stage curtain was painted in Italy at a cost of \$75,000, and just for a fee I filled the foyer with \$30 gold pieces. Looks pretty well for a second-class theatre, but I'll spend a couple of millions more this summer. Well, so long. I'm going down and charter a steamboat to run me up the river to some point where I can get room to pull off my boots and light my cigar. If you ever come West hunt me up. I'll give you a clerkship or something at about \$2,000 a month to start on, and advance you as you develop. I've got boys earning \$75,000 a year, and next Christmas I shall advance their salaries 35 per cent. and put a silver mine in each of a dozen stockings. Good night!"  
M. QUAD.

A Sensible Idea.  
A Texas lady said to her little daughter, "This is your grandfather's birthday. Mamma, you must pray that he will live to an old age."  
"No, ma'am; he is old enough already. I'll pray for him to grow younger instead of older."

Accounted For.  
[From Brooklyn Life.]  
"Are you boarding of you keep house?"  
"Yes."  
"You're a carpenter."

More Interesting.  
[From the Somerset Journal.]  
"Come, my dear," said mamma, encouragingly, "a little girl four years old ought to be able to say, 'Now I lay me to sleep, I shall sleep in peace, my soul and body.'"  
"No, mamma," answered little Flo. "I don't believe I can say that the whole of 'Four-and-twenty blackbirds.'"

It Is a Good Thing.  
"I say this for Hood's Sarsaparilla, though I am a pretty steady homoeopath. But for a sort of mental and physical torpidity that comes over me in midwinter, with evidence of sluggish blood, I have used about one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, simply taking it after each breakfast. I find myself clearer-headed and braver bodied for it. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good thing, pithy or no 'pithy.' A. H. SARGENT, New York Manager Chicago News Tribune Building.

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
100 Doses One Dollar

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**HEAL THE SICK.**  
The First Hot Water Means Death to Many Babies.  
You Can Save Them by Contributing to the Free Doctor Fund.

Every Little Helps in This Great Work of Charity.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:  
"The Evening World".....\$100.00  
Previously acknowledged.....\$27.04  
K. Westminister Y. P. S. ....\$20.00  
A. W. ....\$2.35  
F. P. ....\$1.00  
L. P. ....\$1.00  
S. P. ....\$1.00  
C. L. D. ....\$1.00

An Old Friend Sends \$20.  
To the Editor:  
Please add the enclosed to the fund for Free Doctors for sick babies.  
K.  
Every Dime Counts.  
To the Editor:  
Enclosed please find the small mite of ten cents for the sick babies, and may God be with you in your charitable undertaking. C. L. D.

A Jersey Friend.  
To the Editor:  
I send you \$1 for your Sick Babies' Fund.  
C. F. PARK, Passaic, N. J.

Wishes It Were More.  
To the Editor:  
Enclosed find 50 cents for the Sick Fund (I wish it were more), with best wishes for your success, from  
A. W.

From the West Side.  
To the Editor:  
Enclosed herewith find \$1.50 for Sick Babies' Fund.  
WESTMINSTER Y. P. S., of West Twenty-third street, New York.

Bend your steps to the terminus of any one of the cross streets inhabited by the poor of New York, and you will come upon a condition of affairs that will wring your peace of mind with anguish.

You will be tortured by the sight of sweet-faced little children ignorantly exposed to the evils that destroy health and life. You will find them rooting in garbage cans, raking over the dust heaps, eating scraps of tainted food and arraying themselves in the cast-off clothing pulled out of ash-barrels, the very touch of which may develop disease.

You will find them not only bare-headed and barefoot, but often without underclothing, and frequently with the little cotton slippers cut out of their dresses and jackets close to the shoulder, an exposure from which bronchitis, pneumonia and similar throat trouble may be apprehended.

You will find infants feasting on green fruit, adulterated candies and penny margarine cakes illuminated with red and green lights.

You will find faithful and devoted little girls straining under the weight of younger brothers and sisters and becoming dwarfed by this premature employment.

You will find young children wading in mud puddles and stagnant little pools, the unintelligent mother allowing the wet shoes and stockings to dry on the little feet as they mar.

You will find little ones coated with dirt, bare feet that have not had contact with the barest basin since Sunday, and heads of tangled, matted hair literally alive with vermin.

All day long young babies sleep and older children play in the vicinity of a gas tank, stable, foundry, factory or rendering establishment, where the atmosphere is charged with poisonous gases and foreign substances that are a menace to health. Then, too, little ones afflicted with incipient diseases, whose faces, heads and bodies are disfigured by sores, play about with other children, exposing them to whatever malady they may be afflicted with.

So much sickness is preventable and so much health insurance can be done by a corps of free physicians that there should be no difficulty in raising a fund for their support. The best physicians give more advice than physic, and the older they get and the wider their experience the more they leave to nature to take its course. They prescribe an abundance of fresh air, clean water, wholesome food, temperance and vigilance.

If given their way they would order all the poor babies in the city dressed in flannel suits and sent out in the country to stay until October. Even then they must have a good winter alone and four months of fresh country air and summer sunshine, babies, children and mothers would come back to town brown, strong and rejoicing in the exuberance of vulgar health.

In the absence of that privilege the next best thing is to improve the dwellings of the poor and make them as habitable and comfortable as possible to the parents of the frightful dangers that threaten the lives of their little ones.

They must be taught the importance of keeping clothes on their children; of keeping them clean; of ransacking them in quarantine when there is a sick child in the neighborhood or the streets. They must know how to wash their faces and hands; how to prepare nourishing dishes; what foods are dangerous and which are to be avoided because lacking in nutriment.

All this is simple and easy enough to the intelligent and comfortably circumstanced, but the mother who makes milk toast, makes a salad and dried peaches available, and who cannot vary the bill of fare from steak, baker's bread and tea, cannot be expected to keep her brood in a healthy condition.

One of THE EVENING WORLD doctors is at work on a list of recipes for distribution among the poor to be carried out on housekeeping and cooking, as well as feeding.

He has listed fifteen different ways of cooking eggs; ten ways of preparing old bread for toast, puddings and milk stew; a dozen kinds of soup to be made with scraps and bones and the addition of rice, grits, barley, vegetables, and macaroni and prunes together with instructions for making milk toast, making head and stomach ache; disinfectants and germicides and vermin exterminators.

Very language has its proverb about the sweetness and goodness of giving. "Giving much to the poor will increase a man's store." It is biblical. So "God loveth a cheerful giver." "Whatever is given the poor is laid up in heaven." "He giveth twice who giveth in a true, as is said in Arabic poetry, 'He who gives quickly gives doubly,' as a favorite with the German philanthropists, while the Dutch benefactors believe that 'He who gives to the poor lends to the Lord.'"

The head that gives givers, "is a Turkish proverb, and so is this complaint!"

He who gives much gives from his purse; he who gives little gives from the heart.

Only a little is asked for the Sick Babies' Fund. Let it be contributed at once to give the Fund a big lift.

Beware.  
[From the Brooklyn Life.]  
Dora—Jane says she loves you.  
Cor—I don't believe it.  
Dora—You do it.  
Cor—You are a horrid snob.

Diagnoses and prescriptions are awarded during the week.

**THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.**  
Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

A Favorite Lace Pin—Gloves for Travellers—Blue Cornflowers Popular—Skirt Braid Displayed by Fashionable Modistes—Summer Homes for Children.

One of the popular designs for a lace-pin is a heart-shaped turquoise, surrounded by small diamonds.

One of the most important financial undertakings of the Chicago Women's Club was the raising of \$40,000 for the Industrial School for Boys located at Glenwood, Ill. Of course, this was not raised within the Club, but by the individual effort of members.



Every Summer the ladies of the Ethical Culture Society had Summer homes for 400 children. The tents remain a month; they are fattened like poultry and sent home tanned, fat, clean and happy.

Many chamomile gauntlet gloves are sold to travellers.

Several years ago, in answer to an offer-published request to direct the reading of young girls, Miss Ticknor, of Boston, founded a society to encourage home study. This Society at first consisting of a few members, now has 534 active students engaged in intellectual work arranged by the Society.

Mrs. Sarah H. Cooper, of California, has under her supervision twenty-five kindergartens, containing altogether over two thousand pupils. Mrs. Leiland Stanford contributes about \$50,000 yearly to the support of these schools.

Blue cornflowers, are much worn on brown hair and bonnets.

The degree of Ph. D. at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy has been earned by Miss Jean Gordon, of Cincinnati. She is one of the six, out of the class of 184, who attained the grade "distinguished." Her average was the highest ever taken by a woman graduate of that college.

The members of the Young Women's Christian Association have made very pleasant arrangements for the home-made of Wellesley College, where one of the recreation-rooms have been set aside for them as a parlor, and made a very attractive reception-room.

The woman with a baby in her arms is the one street-car patron who is always sure of a seat.

No matter what material your dress is composed of, discard the braid. It is hard and stiff, and rejected by both tailors and modistes. Let the skirt come down from the waist in a simple, straight line, and let the skirt be made of a material that is known as traveling length. Even make a knife plaiting three inches wide of silk and attach it between the material and facing as a finish. Usually this can be gotten out of a yard of silk, which may cost \$1.25, and wear well an entire season. It will not pay you to buy cheap silk. There is no wear in it and the work required is time thrown away.

Get China, Japanese or pongee which will outlast three platings of gros grain. If you can't afford the popular shades, buy a remnant of some light color and pay 50 cents to have it dyed. When it gets soiled and shabby turn the edge and hem it again. This plaiting is not only soft and pretty, but gives the skirt the necessary spring or looseness needed in walking. It is now used in place of braid on every material, cloth, stuff and silk; even cotton dresses are finished in the same way, since it is the fashion now to clean instead of wash French and English clothes. Some women in ordering a dress give directions for two extra yards of plaiting, and when the one in the skirt gets ravaged or weather-stained the bad spot is cut out and a fresh piece put in its place. This is the elegance of the gentleman, not necessarily rich, and is on a par with the beauty of habitually fresh running in the neck and sleeves.

Horace Talk.  
[From the Washington Star.]  
Mr. De Feylig—No, I don't like Miss Goldrey.  
Mr. Pendragon—No? What's the matter?  
Mr. De Feylig—I don't like any young lady who talks horse.

Mr. De Feylig—And did she do that?  
Mr. De Feylig—Yes, she did. I asked her to marry me and she said "Nay."

Incorrectly Diagnosed.  
[From Brooklyn Life.]  
"Has Martha White been crossed in love?"  
"No, why?"  
"She looks so."  
"You're too physiognomist. That look is due to a No. 4 shoe on a No. 7 foot."

Not So.  
[From Brooklyn Life.]  
Fred—I hear her father can't stand you.  
Arrah—Don't believe it. He stood me on my head the other night when I called.

The Truth About Cleopatra.  
[From the Fable Record.]  
It is related by some ancient authorities that when Cleopatra had resolved to die by a serpent's bite she called her trusted maid, and showing her the venomous (poisonous) beast said, "What think ye of this?" "By Jove!" she answered, "I like not its aspect." Upon hearing this the unfortunate queen expired without a struggle.

A Trifling Error.  
[From the Pittsburgh Telegraph.]  
"Has wife beating been legalized in this city?" asked the Mayor.  
"Of course not," replied the Judge. "What makes you ask such a foolish question?"  
"I overheard a man say he secured a lick for his wife for \$500."

Lucius a Non Lucendo.  
[From the Brooklyn Life.]  
She—It is regular with you.  
He—Yes, it is mostly enough to have come out of a garret.

Their Chance.  
[From the Way.]  
"Judge, I wish you would call a special term of court."  
"Why do you want a special term of court, Presumpting Attorney?"  
"All the regular official lawyers are out of town and we would stand some chance of something some day."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Food Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

**THE CLEANER.**  
While I was in a doctor's yesterday I witnessed rather an amusing scene. Several handsome baskets of roses were standing about, and the doctor was making up two large bouquets of Katherine Mermonts for a young woman who was waiting till they should be completed. When the first was done she dried the stems of the roses and the leaves and then slipped a circle of pale blue silk with a silver figure clasp around the stems. It had a knot of pale blue satin ribbon, but that was only for ornament. Then the woman put a companion circle just like the first on the bouquet and asked the doctor to do the whole thing up carefully so "they" wouldn't soil. This is a dainty way of sending a pair of garters.

I saw Sig. Del Puente, him of the Torreador's song, in a restaurant last week calmly discussing macaroni. He looked well, and told me he would sing this Summer. Del Puente is the personification of good nature, whether singing the aria from "Carmen," which he has almost identified with himself, or in taking dinner.

Mr. James Morrissey and his charming wife dropped into a quiet German restaurant last night after an evening with "Il Trovatore." Mrs. Morrissey was dressed in black, as usual, and seemed to me to be in the enjoyment of excellent health.

I was glad to see Mr. John Plumer yesterday. He is just back from the sunny South, where he has managed a hotel at Altamonte Springs, a very delightful part of Florida. People who come here now after spending the Winter in a tropical quarter must feel as if we were approaching our cold season here.

The Astor hotel at Thirty-third street seems to progress more slowly than the Astor hotel at Fifty-eighth. But it is much larger and the foundations cover more ground. So there is some reason for it. Only the iron pillars of the first story are up as yet, while the one near Central Park is five or six stories high.

Katherine Howe strolled up Broadway Sunday evening with an old-time friend. She had on a long pearl-encrusted garment and was looking very well.

Dr. White will transfer his schoolboys from the old Berkeley School to the new building this week. The opening of the building will take place on Friday evening of this week, and believe George William Curtis will deliver a neat little classical speech.

Senator Stadler, of the Ninth District, has just been making a flying tour of the Adirondacks with a party of friends. He equipped himself with a kit of the latest improved patented fishing tackle, but says that the boys of the Adirondacks are a little shy of cast-iron bumble bees and guitar perches mice. It is much easier to fool them with plain, old-fashioned live bait or a simple angle worm than all the new-fangled inventions in creation.

Mr. W. Lewis Fraser was thoroughly at home with his subject when he spoke last Saturday evening at the rooms of the Art Student's League, on "Illustration in its Relation to Fine Arts." The talk was a most interesting one, and was intensely absorbed by appreciative hearers. Additional interest was afforded by an excellent and representative collection of original drawings by prominent artists, which was placed on exhibition for the evening.

I have just received cards for the wedding of Francis Wallace Knowles, a prominent young barrister, of Newark, and Miss Emma J. Jarrett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Frank Jarrett, who occupies an important position in Philadelphia social circles. The ceremony will be held June 9 at the Fifth Baptist Church, in Philadelphia.

Mr. Knowles is a Harvard graduate, or a "Cambridge man," as all Harvard boys say, and he is advancing rapidly in his chosen profession in the busy municipality of Jersey.

"IL TROVATORE."  
After its struggle with English melodrama and American farce comedy, the Grand Opera House sinks peacefully into a brief and restful season of English grand opera. This is the third time such a policy has been pursued, and there is no reason that I can see why it should not be successful. The operas attempted are not new. None of the elaborately-spiced-and-sauced-up productions of the Western world are even suggested; the good old-time favorites are selected, and these will be popular forever.

The opera now running is "Il Trovatore," Verdi's most melodious work; Verdi's too melodious work, in fact, for it has been done to death by street organs and practicing school-girls and amateurs and clubs. The opera, as that of Thomas A. Edison, is the most popular of all the operas, and these will be popular forever.

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